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Egyptians was cut off (*cyrr swiðrode*) as they were marching back (*wigbord scinon*) between the walls of the sea (*holmweall āstāh*); but they then discovered that they were caught in a death-trap (*māgen was on cwealme, fæste gefeterod*), and that their way out was beset by fatal snares: *forðganges weg, searwum āsæled*.

471. 'The sand (=the bottom of the sea; cf. 291, and *ēce staðolas* of 474; *land* of 483; and the conjectured *grund* of 503) awaited (*bāsnode*, for *barenode*; cf. *Mod. Lang. Notes* III, 37) the fated army, until the sea should return to its accustomed place.' Vigorous epithets are bestowed upon the avenging waters: 'the unarmed messenger of distress' (*nacud nýðboda*) and 'the hostile spirit of war' (*fāh fēðegāst*).

485-489. A succession of guesses often leads to the desired result; and there may be no further value in the following suggestion than that of encouragement of further efforts to recover the right reading of the half-line that is now surely misrepresented by the scribe's *werbeamas*. The place of error is probably at the middle of the word, and the transmitted form may be regarded as a perversion of *wēgstrēamas*, the perversion leading to the further blunder of omitting the governing preposition. At all events, *on wēgstrēamas* (= *in mediis fluctibus*, *Ex.* XIV, 27) gives clear sense and good meter. If the sense of the next sentence be, 'They could not restrain (*forhabban*) the path of the helping [waves], the rage of the sea-streams,' the conjectured *hwelpendra* (*Mod. Lang. Notes* XVII, 213) must be withdrawn.

499. Paleographically it is easy to obtain *brim* from *brun* (*im* and *un* being so similar in appearance; cf. *ungrundes*, 509, where *unrimdes* would suit the sense). One is, therefore, tempted to suggest *brim-ypinge* (= *brimes yppinge*), or *brim yppende*.

581. *afrisc mēowle*. The almost unanimously accepted interpretation of this expression is endorsed by Cosijn (*Beiträge* xx, 106): "hier zweifellos die jüdische *mēowle*, welche sich putzt." But *afrisc* has remained a *crux*. It is herewith proposed to regard *afrisc* as a scribal error for *ebrisc* (or *ebresc* = *ebreisc*, *Hebreisc*;

cf. *Gen.* 2021, *Christ* 133, and *Elene* 559). Paleographically the resemblance between the interchanged words is very close. Perhaps not altogether negligible is the confirmation of this suggestion that may be suspected in the poet's selection of the vowel *e* to alliterate with the name in *Dan.* 1 and 78. On the other hand, it is true that in *Exodus* the name *Israela* is used exclusively (in *Daniel* it alternates with *Hebreas*); but that does not establish a necessary preference in the case of the adjective. At all events, it is noteworthy that the poets furnish no instance of the use of *Israelisc*, which might otherwise with consistency have been expected to occur in the *Exodus*.

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*Thomas Percy und William Shenstone: Ein Briefwechsel aus der Entstehungszeit der Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* Herausgegeben mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen von Dr. HANS HECHT, ao. Professor an der Universität Basel. Quellen und Forschungen, CIII, pp. xxxvi, 1-145, Strassburg, Karl J. Trübner, 1909.

Few books of recent years contain within the compass of so few pages so much entertaining and instructive reading, as is to be found in the ninety and odd pages of the *Percy-Shenstone* correspondence. And, excepting Boswell's *Johnson*, I know of no description of the intellectual life of England in the mid-years of the eighteenth century which leaves such a vivid and pleasing impression on the mind of the reader. He feels himself not only interested, but an actual participant in the various questions concerning literature and art which Shenstone and Percy touch upon in their letters.

One who is not already familiar with Shenstone's personality as it is revealed in other writings than his rather insignificant poetry, is agreeably surprised to find him such a gifted letter-writer and such a genial human being. Everybody who has read the English poets of the eighteenth century knows of Shenstone's

love of nature, of the sort of idyllic, pastoral strain in his light verses, of his devotion to the art of gardening, and of his pride in the Leasowes. But it would not be possible to gather from his poetry alone that his interest in and knowledge of literature and art generally, were broad and deep.

To the lover of interesting, racy letters, there is not a single one in this small collection, whether written by Shenstone or by Percy, that seems in the least "long-winded." While Hecht has given us an excellent but brief characterization of Shenstone and his work in the *Einleitung*, we are occasionally impressed with the fact that he was either unmindful of, or did not have time to consider the grace and beauty of his epistolary style. The lover of such letter-writing as we have in the inimitable correspondence of William Cowper, would never apply the words *die allzu wortreiche und weichliche Eleganz seiner langatmigen Briefe* to these letters of Shenstone, and there is no one of our English letter-writers, it seems to me, whom Shenstone resembles, both in style and in a sort of childish interest for insignificant subjects, so much as Cowper.

And yet the sage lines of Marc Anthony,

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones,"

are probably truer of William Shenstone than of any of his contemporary fellow poets. It would seem eminently true, judging from critical opinion, both contemporary and recent, that the reputation for most of the good he did on earth vanished with or soon after his death. And the things about him which are best remembered, if not exactly evil, have, I believe, never been thought to be the virtues of a great man. The peccadilloes of this remarkable man have indeed completely eclipsed his sterling qualities of mind and character. Those of his contemporaries who knew him only by report or hearsay, or who judged him by his "graceful" elegies and *The Schoolmistress*, neither understood the man nor appreciated his genuine worth. In fact, the estimate of Shenstone's life and work, which has

been echoed and reechoed in histories of literature and encyclopedias almost *ad nauseam* and which has become a sort of stigma on his name, is in the main that which was given currency by two or three famous men of his time who could have had nothing but the most superficial knowledge of him. These men were Horace Walpole, Thomas Gray, and Dr. Johnson.

The poet Gray<sup>1</sup> in a letter to the Rev. Norton Nichols, June 24, 1769, says of the then recently published letters<sup>2</sup> of Shenstone: "I have read an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters; poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it. His correspondence is about nothing else but this place, and his own writings with two or three neighboring clergymen who wrote verses too." Walpole's<sup>3</sup> comments, written about the same time and on the same volume of letters, are strikingly similar to the criticism of Gray: "I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's Letters, which, though containing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know; particularly myself . . . I felt great pity on reading these letters, for the narrow circumstances of the author, and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents entitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of."

Now, both these criticisms and characterizations of Shenstone are in most respects greatly exaggerated and generally misleading. The letters of which Gray and Walpole write do contain many "trifles," which Shenstone

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, ed. Gosse, III, 344.

<sup>2</sup> *The Works in Verse and Prose of William Shenstone, Esq.* In 3 volumes. London, 1764-1767.

<sup>3</sup> "To the Rev. William Cole," June 14, 1769; Cf. *Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Cunningham, vol. v, p. 169.

in a rather childish but always interesting manner, frankly discusses to the apparent entertainment and delight of his most intimate friends, Graves and Jago (to whom perhaps nine-tenths of the letters of that early collection are addressed), but which are scarcely noticeable in his less familiar letters, especially those to Bishop Percy. But even of his most confidential letters, it is absolutely misleading to say that "he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned," etc. The impartial reader of Shenstone's letters will, it seems to me, carry away the general impression that the poet enjoyed, on the whole, his retirement at the Leasowes much more than the noise and bustle of London or Bath or Birmingham, and that he was there as happy and as contented with his lot in life as he would have been anywhere else or under any other circumstances. Every one of his letters, even of the earliest, contains something else besides mere trifles. From the earliest years<sup>4</sup> of which his published correspondence allows us to judge, he appears to have been ever alert for the appearance of new books of literature, of new discussions of artistic subjects, and of new musical compositions. The early letters are teeming with references to contemporary men and women, but they have comparatively little to say about either Walpole or Gray,—because Shenstone did not know them personally, nor does he ever express a desire to know them.

But the unfavorable judgment passed by Dr. Johnson on Shenstone's life and work was more damning for the poet's reputation than the exaggerated *obiter dicta* of Gray and Walpole. "His mind," says Johnson,<sup>5</sup> "was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated," all of which and everything besides that he says about Shenstone's character and personality, show his en-

tire ignorance of the real man. While his estimate of Shenstone's poetry was on the whole just, Johnson had probably not read his letters when he wrote the *Life*. Otherwise he would hardly have written, "his general defect is want of comprehension and variety. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he could have been great I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable"<sup>6</sup> . . . "The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

"His house was mean and he did not improve it: his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation."<sup>7</sup> A good many years later, after Johnson's death, Bishop Percy insisted<sup>8</sup> that he "grossly misrepresented both Shenstone's circumstances and his house, which was small but elegant and displayed a great deal of taste." And Percy, who frequently enjoyed the hospitality of the Leasowes in the closing years of Shenstone's life, could surely speak with more authority than Johnson who was probably never in the house.

The new collection of letters, all of which were written in Shenstone's ripest years,<sup>9</sup> bears on every page emphatic refutation of most of the unfavorable and unjust criticism of Johnson, Gray, and Walpole, and shows everywhere qualities just the opposite of those which they ridiculed. The letters of Shenstone show him to have been a man of broad and profound learning, of deep human sympathy and interests, of exquisite taste in the best things of literature and art, and possessed of a genial, charming, epistolary style almost equal to Cowper's. In other words, Professor Hecht's collection of the Percy-Shenstone correspondence shows to us of the twentieth century who will read it, a very different personality from

<sup>4</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 359.

<sup>5</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 352.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Nichols, *Lit. Illustr.*, vii, 151, cited by Hill, *op. cit.*, p. 352, footnote.

<sup>9</sup> 1757-1763.

<sup>4</sup> 1739-1740.

<sup>5</sup> *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. III, p. 354.

that which most of his contemporaries thought they knew; and every student of English literature of the eighteenth century should be sincerely grateful to the editor for making these truly delightful letters accessible.

The correspondence contains a wealth of information and critical comment, as well as a great deal of "small talk" on an almost infinite variety of subjects drawn from contemporary English life. The reader finds little in the letters of Shenstone about his constant desire for "money, for fame, and other distinctions," comparatively little about "the pretty place he had made . . . only that it might be talked of"; but he finds much about men and books. Poetry, romance, drama, translations from classical authors, histories of painting, musical compositions, esthetic criticism,—in short, every kind of literature that was appearing from the busy presses of England during the years between 1755 and 1763,—are discussed and criticised with discerning judgment or referred to in the casual remarks and charming literary gossip.

The correspondence begins with a letter from Percy, apparently, in November, 1757, thanking Shenstone for "the favor of your Corrections<sup>10</sup> of the Rhymes you were so good as to look over." "To your Pen," he continues, "they are now indebted for Beauties they were not before possessed of." It was at first somewhat formal, especially on Percy's part, who writes as if he was just a bit overawed by the fame and greatness of his more elderly correspondent. But Shenstone always seems to be perfectly at ease, and he is in his letters as in his poetry, always elegant and graceful. "In general I would wish you to make it as just to the Author and to your own Sentiments as you can," he writes Percy<sup>11</sup> about the latter's translation of Ovid's *Epistles*, "and afterwards employ me as a mere Musick-Master, whom you would wish to time your Harpsichord; at most to retrench any little encroachments upon Sim-

plicity, ease of Style, and Harmony." In the same letter he writes, "I have likewise read the 'Essay on the Present State of Learning, etc.,' written by a Dr. Goldsmith, whom you know, and whom such as read it will desire to know. I dissent from him, however, in his Partiality to Rhime (I mean in works of length), but as to the present pomp and Haughtiness of style instead of sentiment am entirely of his opinion."

He shows everywhere in these expressions of his ripest years on literature and art the heartiest interest in, and sympathy for, about every phase of the eighteenth century romantic movement. And in spite of his reverence for form, he was a lover of simplicity in both language and style, and some of his condemnation of the pomp and conventionality of the poetry of the school of Pope makes him almost as much of a radical as Wordsworth is in his famous Preface. This love of simplicity and naturalness is particularly noticeable in one of his letters replying to certain suggestions which Percy had made as to the correction and revision of his own *Pastoral Ballad*.<sup>12</sup> "You will hardly convince me that any Pains of mine in point of revisal or correction have a tendency to hurt the *little* Pieces I produce. This I believe is very *seldom* the Case, when a Person's taste is not notoriously *perverted*. My chief endeavour, on these occasions, has been to produce *ease* and Simplicity, if not melody of expression, so far as this could be effected without *impoorishing* the Sentiment. And were I *not* to employ this Labour, Many of my Trifles would appear the most affected and the most *laboured* things that ever were. Pastoral Poetry, in my opinion, should exhibit almost *naked sentiment*. 'Tis possible that some parts in your Copy of my ballad may appear preferable to those that were finally inserted. But this was not owing to overcorrection, but to the decision of Friends, who on my shewing them a number of stanzas (upon whose merit I could not determine) occasioned me to reject some and admit others, as their Tastes were more or less fond of *Art*. . . . There *is*, however, a

<sup>10</sup> Quotations generally reproduce Hecht's text, except in the case of abbreviations which are always resolved.

<sup>11</sup> June 6, 1759, Hecht, p. 17.

<sup>12</sup> January, 1762, *Letter* xxxiii, p. 74.

time when this Labour does mischief. 'Tis when writers (of whom you may recollect some) think they can not too much *stiffen*, or *raise*, or *alienate their Language from the common Idiom!*<sup>13</sup> By this they procure a kind of Homage, parallel to what is acquired by a reserved behaviour: the Dignity of Distance, the awe pertaining to Eastern monarchs, but never once the more valuable effects of genuine *affection* or *sincere applause*."

Shenstone gives his views on poetry several times in the course of the correspondence, but his best piece of criticism is contained perhaps in a letter<sup>14</sup> of November 10, 1760, about the probable popularity that the *Reliques* are destined to enjoy: "There is no room that I can see to question the reception that your Work is like to meet with. If I have any talent at Conjecture, All People of Taste thro'out the Kingdom will rejoice to see a judicious, a Correct and elegant Collection of such Pieces. For after all, 'tis such Pieces that contain the true *Chemical Spirit* or *Essence of Poetry*, a little of which properly mingled is sufficient to strengthen and keep alive very considerable Quantities of the kind. 'Tis the voice of Sentiment rather than the *Language of Reflexion*, adopted peculiarly to *strike the Passions*, which is the only Merit of Poetry that has obtained my regard of late." His distinction between a song and a ballad is interesting, however much it may be at variance with the present prevailing conception: "Do you make any distinction betwixt a Ballad and a Song, and so confine yourself to the *Former*? With the common people, I believe, a Song becomes a ballad as it grows in years, as they think an old serpent becomes a Dragon, or an old Justice a Justice of the Quorum. For my own part, I who love by means of different words to bundle up distinct Ideas, am apt to consider a Ballad as containing some little story, either real or invented. Perhaps my notion may be too contracted, yet, be this as it will, it may not be of much Importance to consult Etymology on this occasion."<sup>15</sup>

Percy and Shenstone seem to have been in hearty sympathy on most of the artistic and literary questions which were brought under discussion in these letters. One gathers the impression from reading them that Percy, being considerably younger than Shenstone, is full of enthusiasm and energy to do things, which were occasionally in danger of running away with good judgment and taste. And Shenstone was apparently very helpful to his younger friend by generally assuming the rôle of the capable, conservative adviser. The greater part, and perhaps the most interesting letters of the correspondence are concerned with the genesis of that epoch-making work, Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. As is well known, Shenstone claimed that the idea of that publication originated with himself, and Percy confirmed his friend's claim in the introduction to the *Reliques*. In a letter to the Rev. Richard Graves of March 1, 1761, Shenstone writes:<sup>16</sup> "You have perhaps heard me speak of Mr. Percy—he *was* in treaty with Mr. James Dodsley, for the publication of our best old ballads in three volumes. He has a large folio ms. of ballads, which he shewed me, and which, with his own natural and acquired talents, would qualify him for the purpose as well as any man in England. I proposed the scheme for him *myself*, wishing to see an elegant *edition* and good collection of this kind. I was also to have assisted him in selecting and rejecting, and in fixing upon the best readings: but my illness broke off our correspondence, the beginning of winter; and I know not what he has done since!" And in the *Preface* to his collection<sup>17</sup> Percy says: "The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him." Percy's son, who edited the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, added a footnote on his father's statement, in which he says: "That the Editor hath not underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves. . . . It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr.

<sup>13</sup> Italics in last clause are mine.

<sup>14</sup> Letter XIX, p. 46.

<sup>15</sup> April 24, 1761, Letter XXIII, p. 52.

<sup>16</sup> Letter CIII, *Works*, vol. III, p. 321.

<sup>17</sup> *Reliques*, 4th ed., 1794, *Preface*, p. xvii.

Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press."

While the letters which passed between Percy and Shenstone nowhere assert that the idea of publishing the *Reliques* originated with Shenstone, they do show in numerous instances that Percy asked his advice on almost every point of importance concerning the form and size of the work, the order and arrangement of the contents, revisions of, omissions from, and additions to the originals, and the best methods of publication. There is hardly any one of the forty-five letters which does not discuss at length, or mention in some way, certain features of the work that was to make Percy's name immortal. During the last three or four years of his life Shenstone was constantly reading and marking newly discovered collections of poetry for the purpose of helping along his friend's momentous undertaking. He was ever and anon warning Percy against making his collection too large, against having an eye to quantity rather than quality. And in almost every case the reader is impressed with his good judgment, his catholicity of taste, and his practical common sense. There is, indeed, no other book, I think, which gives us in such detail the interesting history of the origin and growth of Percy's famous work.

From the time when Percy first<sup>18</sup> wrote Shenstone, "I am possess'd of a very curious old ms. Collection of ancient Ballads, many of which were never printed. . . . Mr. Johnson has seen my ms. and has a desire to have it printed," Shenstone's interest in the progress of the work was intense and enthusiastic. "You pique my curiosity extremely by the mention of that ancient Manuscript," he writes in his first<sup>19</sup> letter to Percy, "as there is nothing gives me greater Pleasure than the simplicity of style and sentiment that is observable in old English ballads. If aught could add to that Pleasure, it would be an opportunity of perusing them in your company at the Leasowes, and pray do not think of publishing them until you have given me that opportunity." The character and

quality of Shenstone's advice and suggestions to Percy appear as well perhaps in the letter<sup>20</sup> dated October 1, 1760, as anywhere in the collection: "There will indeed be no *end* of *writing* all we have to say on the present occasion: A week's Conference on the Subject, when things are in somewhat greater Forwardness, will be more effectual than fifty Packets as much distended as your last. . . . After this, I would have you transcribe what you think proper in a large Paper-book and let me reconsider them all *together*, before they are sent away to Press. Many of those in *Print* need not be transcribed at all; only their Titles regularly inserted in those *Places* that you shall allot them," etc.

In this letter and on other occasions Shenstone does not hesitate to advise Percy to change the original manuscripts whenever in his judgment the poem in question is thereby made simpler and more interesting. Thus the tampering with his originals for which the editor of the *Reliques* was so severely condemned by certain of his contemporaries, received emphatic encouragement from the man who was for three or four years, at least, Percy's closest and most respected adviser.

Shenstone possessed among his many other laudable qualities, a fine sense and rich vein of humor, which are especially in evidence in his letters to Percy. Like the true humorist, he is never inclined to take himself or his friends too seriously, and this characteristic of his was no doubt on frequent occasions a great source of relief and help to the impulsive and enthusiastic Percy in his work.

Percy's letter to Dr. Grainger announcing the untimely and unexpected death of their mutual friend is a noble tribute to his character, and shows beyond a doubt the high esteem in which Shenstone was held by his intimate friends. "You will feel severely," he says,<sup>21</sup> "and join with us in lamenting with unaffected sorrow . . . the Death of our most elegant and amiable friend Shenstone, who alas! was snatched away by a fever on Friday the 11th

<sup>18</sup> November, 1757, *Letter* I, p. 5.

<sup>19</sup> January, 1758, *Letter* II, p. 6.

<sup>20</sup> *Letter* XVIII, pp. 43 f.

<sup>21</sup> Shenstone died February 11; this letter was written February 28, 1763. *Letter* XLVI, pp. 91-92.

of this month, after an illness of eleven days. I know not any private gentleman, whose loss has occasioned a more sincere or more universal concern. The delicate sensibility of his writings, the consummate elegance of his taste, the beauties of his conversation, and the virtues of his heart had procured him a most extensive acquaintance, and every one of these aspired to his friendship, so that I know not an Instance of an event of this kind more deeply or more generally lamented. . . . But he is gone; yet tho' he is snatched from us, he still survives in our memory, and his fame will survive to ages, when we shall be no more."

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*L'Auberge et Autres Contes* par Guy de Maupassant, avec Introduction, Notes et Vocabulaire par Dr. A. SCHINZ. New York: William R. Jenkins Co., [1911]. 16mo., xiv, 177 pp.

This volume contains the following stories: *L'Auberge*, *Le Garde*, *La Mère Sauvage*, *Le Bonheur*, *L'Infirmes*, *La Main*, *Les Deux Amis*, *L'Aventure de Walter Schnaffs*. To illustrate one side of de Maupassant's genius, namely, his morbidity, no better selection could be made, for with the exception of *L'Infirmes* and *L'Aventure de Walter Schnaffs*, all the stories are gloomy and even gruesome; something more cheerful should be read besides, else the students will have a distorted view of the writer. We should not lose sight of the fact that he had a keen sense of humor; yet, to the editor's justification it should be added that few of the humorous stories are fit for class use.

The editing has been done with much care and the little book can safely be recommended to teachers and students. The print is clear, but the binding is poor; the paper cover coming off after very little handling. Lines are not numbered.<sup>1</sup>

The edition is intended for beginners. The notes and vocabulary therefore are unusually—-I feel inclined to say unduly—full. Still, opinions may well differ on this score. I should say, however, that an introduction in French, pitched rather high, is likely to be useless to pupils who are in need of a vocabulary that gives the English equivalents for *chambre*, *chaise*, *carcasse*, *généreux*, *régiment*, etc., but who will look in vain for the much more difficult words of the introduction. Leaving the introduction out of consideration, and taking the editor's point of view, I venture to make the following remarks:

P. 10, l. 11. *Il était d'un naturel dormeur*. Neither *naturel* as a noun nor *dormeur* as an adjective is given in the vocabulary; ll. 23-25. *La neige . . . capitonnait les rochers*; I should prefer 'padding' the rocks to 'stuffing' or 'tufting' suggested by the voc.—P. 41, l. 5. *Il est des coins* is not explained, while l. 8 *nous autres* is given ten lines; reference is made to the Spanish *nosotros*, which, by the way, means 'we' as well as 'us.' The statement that *nos otros* occurs in the *Alexis* is doubly incorrect, since *otros* is not the Old French form, and since, if the reference is to *Alexis* 101c., the *anostros* of the manuscript can not be interpreted as having any connection with *altres*.—P. 42, l. 11. *fourrager* applied to a dog 'nosing' or 'hunting' in bushes is not to be translated by 'foraging.'—P. 44, l. 14. *chair blonde* should be translated by 'fair complexion,' hardly by 'blond skin.'—P. 50, l. 2. *ardent* applied to a burning house is not given in the voc.—P. 55, l. 18. *timbre* does not mean 'intonation' but 'timbre' also in English; it refers to the quality of the sound and not to the rhythm or pitch of a sentence as does intonation.—P. 58, l. 24. *gagner* with the meaning of 'reach' (a place) is not in the voc., neither is p. 59, l. 7 *se jeter à*

P. 9, l. 16 *partagé*; p. 11, l. 26 *les*; p. 19, l. 24 *le réveillait*; p. 20, l. 11 *absolue*; p. 50, l. 9 *détruit* and *celui*; same page, l. 22 *Là-dedans*; p. 58, l. 1 *L'Italie*; p. 82, third paragraph, lines mixed up; p. 34, l. 10 *mal-propre*; p. 93, ll. 17-18 are transposed; p. 127, note to 31. 20 read *eu* in both lines; p. 128, note to 35. 3 *Norman patois*; p. 130, note to 43. 18 read *hommes*; p. 131, note to 45. 18 *chair à canon*; p. 132, ll. 1, 2, 5 read *2e* and *1e*; p. 136, note to 67. 21 no accent on *pilon*; p. 148, note to 117. 17 read 1802.

<sup>1</sup> Typographical errors (correct forms only are given):